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19 West Thirty-first Street

NEW YORK CITY

LIFE



"HOW RIDICULOUS FOR YOU TO FALL IN LOVE WITH THAT ARTIST! I DON'T BELIEVE HE EVER SOLD A PICTURE."
 "BUT, PAPA, HE SAYS IF HE MARRIES ME HE WON'T HAVE TO."

The Horse(less) Show.

HERE'S Molly Fly (she's left the stage)
 In newest thing in coats,
 With Johnny Smart, who's come of age
 And now must sow his oats.
 There's Colonel Bluff behind his wife—
 'Tis said they've had a spat;
 She leads the man a merry life—
 Just see her Paris hat!

And Mrs. Bradley-Jones-Defue—
 Divorced, you know, to-day.
 That gown has cost a thou. or two
 Which Someone had to pay—
 But not her husband, so 'tis told!
 That's he, across the aisle
 (Her recent one, I mean). How bold!
 They even bow and smile.

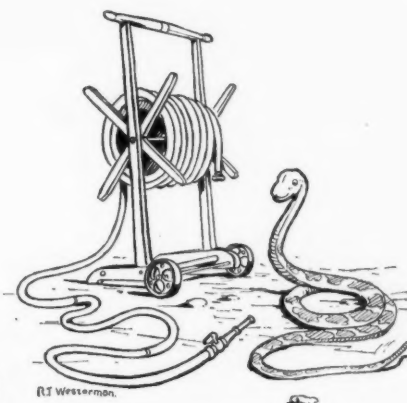
Here's Reginald de Figurehead,
 Who wears his clothes but once.

And old Miss Stuffle, in hunting red.
 She's rich, although a dunce.
 And Trixie Nitte—that stunning gown
 Is only plain *batiste*.
 And Roger Wabble-Legs, in brown,
 With trousers London creased.

And Astor Soft with Kitty Greede!
 What gorgeous rings she wears!
 She puts in most her time, indeed
 Collecting *solitaires*.
 Yes, all Society is here!
 What's that? I missed the word.
 You ask for *horses*! Hush, my dear,
 They'll think you quite absurd.

Edwin L. Sabin.

WIFE: Seems to me that since we
 were married you might at
 least have doubled your income.
 "What good would that have done?"



RJ Westerman.

"HEY THERE! OLD MAN, WAKE UP AND
 UNWIND."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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IT is pleasant to have election over and to stop calling names. It was a great election in New York. The whole country—indeed the more thoughtful people in the whole civilized world—were interested in it. Decent folks from Eastport to Los Angeles, without distinction of party, have rejoiced at Tammany's defeat. Tammany, as represented by Croker and Van Wyck, had no friends except those that it had bought. It stood for loot, tyranny and protected vice. It stood for death, moral and physical. The avenger of blood got on its trail and caught up with it. Ah! It was well done. That fifteen thousand majority for Jerome meant that Tammany leaders were too bad for Tammany men.

Of course Tammany has not been beaten for good, but it looks very much as though some of the boss serpents in the viper's nest had been extirpated. Van Wyck can hardly be so stuffed as to look natural in office again; Devery seems done; Murphy, Unger—all the foul gang that was ready to defend and share the profits of the red-light infamy—it is hard to see a political future for them. But

Tammany itself has immense vitality, and must be reckoned with as a fixture. It has been disciplined. Some of its better men will have a chance now. No doubt it will be cleaned up a bit. Certainly it will be in the fight again two years from now, and biennially thereafter. Reform government won't stay in power unless it is not only worthy but efficient. It will be judged, not by its aspirations, but by its fruits, and if its fruits don't taste good, out it will go. The men who are about to take charge of the town are neither visionaries nor greenhorns. Most of them are tried men, as well as good men, who know too much to attempt the impossible, and who realize that a great city can't be run on Sunday School lines. We hope to see efficient and honest men in office, the end of blackmail and diminution of corruption in the police department, the end of scandals in the fire department, clean streets, an upright meting out of justice, and order without undue abridgement of personal liberty. New York, even under Mayor Low, isn't going to be a city of saints, but we may reasonably hope that it will be a city in which saints may dwell without shutting their eyes or holding their noses, in which sinners may find more mercy and less temptation than of late, and in which scoundrels and thugs will sometimes get their due.



NO ONE speaks of the late Tammany candidate for Mayor with such an exuberance of censure as our neighbor, the *Sun*. Mr. Shepard is a problem to many of his former admirers, who do not yet think that he was successful in reconciling his recent course with his previous record. Most of them, however, while they rejoice in his defeat, are willing that he should stay on the earth and render future service to the public if he can find a chance. But the *Sun* feels that outer darkness is the place for him, and that wailing and gnashing his teeth are his only fit employments for the balance of his days. The *Sun* seems to show

some excess of zeal in this particular. Never mind! Let it hammer Mr. Shepard all it likes, but it should recognize that no sensible or considerate person permits himself to kick a corpse, and that its attentions to Mr. Shepard must persuade observers that in its opinion there is some life left in that gentleman, still.



THE Rev. Dr. Hodges of Baltimore thinks that Mr. Pierpont Morgan spent too much money in entertaining the clergy during the late Episcopal Convention in San Francisco. When the Clerical Association had its Monday meeting at his church on November 4, Dr. Hodges read the members a lot of newspaper tattle about Mr. Morgan's daily market bill in San Francisco, and what his wines and his flowers cost. Dr. Hodges regretted that Mr. Morgan's dinners got so much notice, and that Mr. Morgan did not live more simply in San Francisco.

Dr. Hodges's criticisms, as telegraphed all over the country and printed in the newspapers, do not seem felicitous. He would have done better to make his comments privately. If he has been reported without his consent he can sympathize with Mr. Morgan, who would doubtless have preferred that the details of his hospitalities should not have got into print. If the reverend gentlemen who were Mr. Morgan's guests had too much to eat and drink, both they and their brethren ought to sustain the consequences with fortitude, reflecting that though it may not have been best for them to have been so lavishly entertained, it must have been very good for Mr. Morgan to spend a month in the company of men not concerned with stocks, and whose minds are bent on things spiritual.

No matter about the size of Mr. Morgan's housekeeping bills. They do not signify. He does everything on a large scale. There is nothing in the New Testament that suggests that a rich man ought to economize when he makes a feast for the clergy, but there are several passages fit to discourage the carpings of persons who are shocked at what they consider excesses of hospitality in others.

Life's Nursery Tales.

JACK AND THE PEA-VINE.



ONCE upon a time there was a poor widow, who lived in a small tenement with her only son Jack. Her husband had been a

rich man, who had once befriended a Monopolist. For this reason the Monopolist had ruined him financially and caused his early death from anxiety. The widow struggled

to support herself and her son by washing, for Jack did not believe in working while mother had her health. At last, however, the mother came to him and asked him to go out and pawn their table, as they had nothing to eat and she was not strong enough to carry it. Jack took it and the first man he met in the street he stopped and said, "Look here, what will you give me for this table? I am sick of carrying it and you can make your own price."

The man said, "I will take the table, but I have nothing to give except a hatful of peas, which I cannot use myself."

Jack took the peas thankfully and brought them back to his mother. She wept bitterly.

"Well," said Jack, "there's no use worrying. We couldn't eat the table and I will plant some of these peas and see if they will grow."

Now these were magic Ps that stood for Plunder, Peculation, Politics, Perjury, Pull, etc. Jack selected three, Permanent Political Pull, and planted them in a flower-pot on the fire-escape.

The next morning he found a pea-vine with a stem as thick as an alderman, reaching so high that he could not see the limit. He immediately began to climb up it, and after he had climbed a long way he came to a beautiful country in which he walked about

for some time. At last he was hungry, so he went up to a magnificent villa and asked for something to eat. The maid gave him a sandwich.

"But," she said, "if my master sees you, he will kill you. He is so big a monopolist that he will not allow a poor man in his house. Hark! Here he comes. I will hide you in the side-board."

Jack was hardly hidden before the Monopolist came in growling:

Fe, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an alderman;
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.

Jack trembled, but the maid said, "It's only some beer, sir, that's been spilled in the kitchen," and she gave her master his dinner. Presently he called for his coupons. A great box full of securities was brought to him, and while he was counting them he fell asleep.

Jack skipped nimbly out, snatched

the securities, and ran before the Monopolist awoke. He slid down the pea-vine and showed his mother all that he had found, and they lived sumptuously, giving outings, chowders and other affairs for some time.

Presently, Jack took it into his head to climb the vine again, and when he came to the same villa the maid cried, "Hush! He will surely kill you. Jump into the closet!"

Just as he had settled himself with the door ajar, the Monopolist came in thundering:

Fe, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an alderman;
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.

But the maid said, "It is only some claret I spilled from the decanter," and hurried to bring her master's dinner. After dinner he called for his goose, and she brought it. It was a beautiful bird, with a lovely plumage of straight tips and a habit of laying



"It's only some beer, sir."

golden eggs. The Monopolist amused himself with this for some time, but at last he fell asleep.

Jack stole out, grabbed the goose and ran, followed by the shouts of the Monopolist. He was soon safely down the ladder and showing his prize to his mother. On this they lived in still greater luxury and even talked of moving uptown.

After a time Jack pined for fresh adventures, so he climbed the pea-vine one morning and came to the Monopolist's house again. The maid cried, "This time he will surely kill you," and she had hardly hidden him in the window box when her master came in bellowing :

Fe, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an alderman ;
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.

"No, sir," she said, "that's just some champagne that burst the bottle." And she brought on his dinner. After he had eaten, he called for his harp. This was a wonderful instrument, called, by those who did not own one, Social Success, that played itself, when you got it. The Monopolist listened to it for some time, until at last it played him to sleep.

Jack lifted the window-box lid cautiously, tiptoed out, seized the harp and ran. But in his hand the harp began to play very loud. The Monopolist awoke, saw Jack running out of the door, and rushed after him. He had almost overtaken him when they reached the pea-vine. Jack scrambled down and the Monopolist attempted to follow, but at the bottom Jack seized a well-ground little axe and hacked away at the vine so effectively that it fell far off, and the Monopolist was thrown down and never heard of more.

Jack's mother was much rejoiced to have him give up his vine. They moved on to Fifth Avenue, and lived happily and respected ever after.

Katherine L. Mead.



IT is a pleasure, after the work done by Sir Walter Besant during the past two years, to find in *The Lady of Lynn* a book worthy of the author's name. Like his *Dorothy Foster*, it deals



PROFESSOR BIFF STARTS TOWARD BROADWAY DETERMINED TO TRY HIS NEW INVENTION, THE SAFETY AERIAL STREET CORNER.



THE OPPORTUNITY ARRIVES; HE RELEASES THE SPRING—

with English life of the past and does it well. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

Some of us, to speak mildly, are a trifle tired of historical romances of the Revolution. There are others, doubtless, whose appetites are not yet appeased, and such will find Sarah Orne Jewett's story of John Paul Jones, *A Tory Lover*, well written. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

In *The Passing and the Permanent in Religion* Dr. Minot J. Savage deals with a dozen prominent points connected with his subject. Two or three of them are approached with an inconsequent sentimentality which is disappointing, but the others are treated with a simple earnestness and a depth of thought that make them worthy of attention. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Under the title of *The Battle Invisible* appear five stories of village life by Eleanor C. Reed. They are spoiled by the author's efforts to make a Sunday-school finish to each by suddenly smoothing the wrinkles from

the characters of her *dramatis personæ*. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago.)

Irish Pastorals, by Shan F. Bullock, is a series of sketches of Irish peasant life well written and worth reading. They are studies rather than stories, however, and should be approached in that spirit. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

A romance of early French rule in New Orleans, by Suzanne Antrobus, called *The King's Messenger*, is written largely in superlatives and suggests a



Fuzzy-Wuzzy : SAY, FELLOWS, I HEAR THAT BABIES ARE GOING TO BE POPULAR PETS NEXT SEASON.
Chorus : THEN WE LOSE OUR JOBS.

Life's Anecdote Contest.

LIFE will pay ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best anecdote, FIFTY DOLLARS for the second best anecdote, and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the third best anecdote, subject to the following conditions:

1.—Anecdotes must not be longer than five hundred words, typewritten, on one side of paper only.

2.—No anecdote will be considered that has not been published in some book or volume.

3.—There is no limit to the number of anecdotes that can be sent in by any one person. But no single contributor will be entitled to more than one prize.

4.—Every anecdote must contain in the upper right-hand corner of the first sheet the title of the volume from which it is copied, the name of the publisher and the date of the publication of the volume. Where date is not given, this should be stated by the words ("No date").

5.—The contributor's name and address should be written plainly on the back of each manuscript.

6.—The anecdotes should be addressed to "Anecdote Editor of LIFE, No. 19 West Thirty-first Street, New York," and

should be accompanied in each case by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Otherwise the Editors will assume that in case of rejection the return of the manuscript is not desired, and it will be destroyed.

7.—Anecdotes will be read in the order received, and if there are duplicates, only the first will be considered.

8.—Any period in the world's history and any language can be drawn from, but if from a foreign language, anecdotes must be translated into English.

9.—The following definition from the Century Dictionary will govern the meaning of the word anecdote as applied to this contest:

A short narrative of a particular or detached incident or occurrence of an interesting nature; a biographical incident; a single passage of a private life.

10.—From the anecdotes received LIFE will publish the best. At the close of the contest the prizes will be awarded to the three contestants who, in the judgment of the Editors of LIFE, have contributed the best three anecdotes.

11.—The contest will close on February 1, 1902.



AND THE FLIGHT IS SUCCESSFUL.



BUT POLICEMAN MONAHAN INTERFERES WITH THE LANDING.

near-by view of a bit of the scene painter's art. (Harper and Brothers.)

The Van Dwellers, by Albert Bigelow Paine, is an account of the migrations of chronic sojourners in New York flats. It is humorous in some places and pseudo-humorous in others. (J. F. Taylor and Company. 75c.) J. B. Kerfoot.



AND AT THE POLICE STATION HE IS FORCED TO EXPLAIN.

Kickers' Column.

The Editor regrets that he is compelled to exclude many interesting letters on account of their length. Letters should not be longer than two hundred words, and are more likely to be inserted if still shorter.

THIS letter refers to a picture which appeared in LIFE of October 31, representing a statue silhouetted upon a window curtain.—EDITOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

It is respectfully submitted that not even the brilliant humor displayed by the companion picture is a sufficient excuse for the indecent suggestion of the enclosed, which stamps at least this one issue of your paper as unfit for circulation in the medium for which it is professedly designed.

NEW YORK, NOV. 4, 1901. L. P. S.

Dear LIFE: Will you kindly send me a poetic license, so I can use words as your versifiers do? Let me explain.

On page 347 of No. 991, being the issue of to-morrow, in Joseph Bolton Loughry's "Looking for a Girl," it will be said:

I was standing on the corner
Of a very busy street;
I was anxiously awaiting
For a friend I wished to meet.

What I should like to know is, can any one await for?

Also, on page 354 of to-morrow's number, in "I Played at Bridge," you will say:

Yet I cannot help but thinking
Since that morning I was shorn,
If she'd been a man, and honest,
To-day no loss I'd mourn.

Now, I'm just one of the plain people, and I prefer George Ade to Hamlin Garland, and I never could like John Milton and Austin Dobson, still I hope you will have pity on me and enlighten me.

I cannot help but thinking you will favor me with an early reply, and awaiting for it, I remain, dear LIFE, as ever your admirer,
A. Boost-Knocker.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30, 1901.

EDITOR LIFE.

Dear Sir: I regret to see that you have joined the yelping pack of the Northern press that, with tongues out, scent fresh provocation in the South's resentment of the President's notions of social equality. I address myself to only one line of your argument. You say, "It was simply natural." If that be so, why, may I ask, has no other President extended such hos-

pitalities to the negro? You will perhaps answer that there is only one Booker T. Washington. Granted. But Booker T. Washington's work, worthy of all praise, was not unknown to Mr. McKinley and Mr. Cleveland. So it was not a natural thing to do.

Yours in disfavor of miscegenation,
S. O. Howes.
GALVESTON, TEX., Oct. 29, 1901.

My Dear LIFE: Talking about ticket speculators—they have, this week, been standing in the lobby of Colonial Theatre, selling seats to "Beaucaire," by Richard Mansfield, for performances, seats for which are reported all out at box-office. This is a Frohman theatre. The speculator's price is one dollar above box-office. The plunder, so 'tis said, goes equally to Frohman and the speculator.

LYNN, MASS.

LIFE.

Dear Sirs: Accept the congratulation of your work, "The American Citizen at the N. Y. Custom House." Trunks detained three weeks.

Articles assessed for duty bought in the U. S., and thrown over the floor, and ladies' underwear maliciously exposed.

Yours,
A victim and law-abiding citizen who will give his name, when desired, as the good work goes on.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 23, 1901.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Gentlemen: Let me suggest through your columns that the Jews remain quiet and in their place. When the English, the Scotch-Irish, the German-Lutheran, the French, the Spanish, and so on, came to America, cut down the forests, fought the Indians, built forts to protect the young industries, and died for the sake of Freedom, the Jew remained on the safe side of the situation, and like a shadow followed civilization. The Jew did not advance it or help to do it. This is history. It is true the Jews have helped fight many battles in days long ago, and many of them are brave men, but in proportion to their numbers they furnish fewer men to be proud of than any race, not excepting the Negro race. The Jews are not persecuted in this country—and will never be—but the time is coming when almost all of the avenues to great wealth will be denied them. Only those who have brains will survive to great fortunes. And cunning and self-denial will avail little to the unaggressive.

Douglas Bond.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 30, 1901.

Tobacco for Boer Prisoners.

OYEZ! Oyez! Listen ye who sympathize with valor in distress. There are four or five thousand Boer prisoners in the Bermuda Islands whose captivity would be much more tolerable if they had tobacco. Let us send them some! Address your packages to The Rev. J. Albertyn, Chaplain of Boer Prisoners, Hamilton, Bermuda. We understand that the Quebec Steamship Co., Ltd., Pier 47, North River, carries free parcels so addressed.

COBBLE: No, sir, this hunting is wrong. The deer has the worst of it. There ought to be just as much chance for the man to be shot.

STONE: But there is—by some other man.



O WOULD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US
TO SEE OURSEL'S AS X-RAYS SEE US.
IT WOULD FROM MANY A BLUNDER FREE US,
AND FOOLISH NOTION.



REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR.—XVIII.

News came of the Northerners advancing on the town, and I was placed in the garret for safety with other breakable articles. My young lady of the house had a lover in the Union army, and one day he was brought secretly to the house wounded; and he was hidden in the attic. When the town again fell into Southern hands, her brother discovered him and would have made a scene, but her mother, remembering the difficulties connected with her own marriage, aided the girl—in spite of her impulses—in persuading him to keep the lover's presence unknown.

• LIFE •





Copyright 1901

NEW YORK, NOV. 5, 1901.

"WHICH WAY I FLY IS HELL; MYSELF AM HELL."

Paradise Lost.

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The Result of Misguided Ambition.

HOW attractive Maude Adams was as the school-girl in "A Midnight Bell" when she first gained the attention and liking of New York audiences. How well she realized the anticipations and prophecies of her then admirers when she gave them the girlish witchery of *Lady Babbie*. And how far—under bad advice—she strayed from her real destiny when she was persuaded to attempt *Juliet* and *Reichstadt*. It was not to be expected that Maude Adams should always play only girlish parts. But her limitations were well defined and the requirements of the heavy work she has been compelled to—work beyond what Nature equipped her for—has been a wrecking strain on her physical powers. She was essentially dainty, not heroic, and her daintiness has suffered in the attempt to be something she was never intended to be. Her voice has become raucous and her manner strenuous. The witchery, tenderness and pathos which were at her fingers' tips have lost their fineness. It is as though the worker in fine metals had been put to blacksmithing, whereby his muscles grew big and strong at the cost of his delicacy of touch, the final result being the spoiling of an artisan without making a very good mechanic.

These thoughts are suggested by Maude Adams's attempt to return to her earlier manner in the part of *Miss Phoebe Throssell* in Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street." The play is pretty in tone, but colorless and inhuman so far as its probabilities go. Human nature, even in English villages and in the time of Napoleon, was not so different from what it is and has been in other places and before and since the early years of the nineteenth century. The two sisters as drawn by Mr. Barrie are true enough depictions in a few ways, but his men are the most unmanlike creatures possible to imagine. The *Phoebe* assigned to Maude Adams is only faintly a real woman, and in attempting to make Mr. Barrie's grotesqueries real the actress has not only her own difficulties to overcome but is sadly handicapped by the author. He may have meant to create another *Babbie*, but instead has made an impossibility. In attempting

to achieve the impossible Maude Adams has ample chance to show that the archness and playfulness which endeared *Babbie* to so many audiences have lost their fine edge. The character of *Miss Susan Throssell* is more humanly drawn, and Helen Lowell depicts it well.

"Quality Street" is not an especially interesting play. Maude Adams gains no new laurels from her appearance in it.

AS a dramatic painter of details in the life of New York's smart set—which some one has taken the pains to point out is not the same as New York's good society—Mr. Clyde Fitch has achieved for himself a place which is wholly his own. He demonstrated this ability beyond question in "The Climbers" and confirms the

demonstration in "The Way of the World." His people are clearly drawn types and most of the things they do are taken so faithfully from real life that they are as convincing as photographs. The automobile scene in the first act of the new play at the Victoria is a bit stagey in the effort to give one of the machines the appearance of motion when it is obviously standing still, but in every other particular—the atmosphere, the setting, the manners and acts of its people—the episode is made so real as to be almost commonplace to many of those who witness it. Not so to that great constituency to which Mr. Fitch so successfully appeals—the persons who are in neither good society nor the smart set but who have a vast curiosity to know just how people talk and act in those more or less exclusive walks of life.

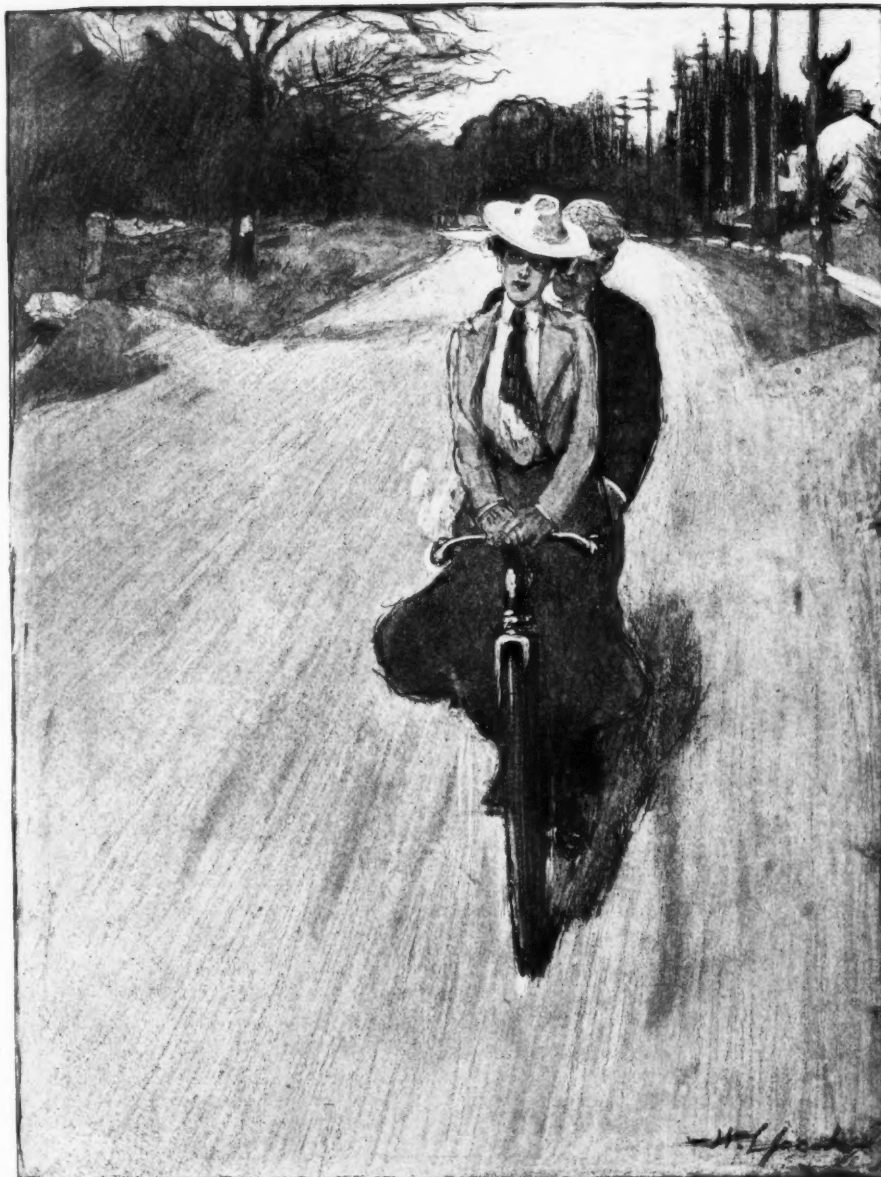
When it comes to telling a story Mr. Fitch is not successful, and his plots have a

WEBER and FIELDS "THE SAME OLD THING"



"VY DO YOU PUNTSCH D'THE CHEN'L'MAN, AIND'T IT?"

"S-SH-SH-SH!!! I T'INK HE HASS ANUDDER NICKEL CONCEALED ABOUD HIS PERSON."



"THROUGH LIFE LIKE THIS? AND YOU DOING FOUR-FIFTHS OF THE WORK, JACK? I WOULDN'T FEEL THAT I WAS DOING MY SHARE."

"SUPPOSE WE RAN INTO SOMETHING. WHO WOULD GET MOST HURT?"

"I, NO DOUBT."

"THEN, IF I SUPPLY FOUR-FIFTHS OF THE STRENGTH, YOU TAKE FOUR-FIFTHS OF THE RISK. THAT SEEMS TO ME A FAIR PROPOSITION. CAN'T YOU THINK SO, LUCY?"

way of becoming confused and unnatural even to the point of dropping dead in the last act. The capacity for detail and for general effect rarely co-exist in the same mind, and Mr. Fitch possesses the former to an extent which makes it not remarkable

that the big bones of his creations do not fit together so as to make perfect skeletons.

"The Way of the World" was written to give Miss Elsie de Wolfe a star part. Her managers have been kind enough not to subordinate everything else to the ambi-

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Empire.—Mr. John Drew seems fated to be perpetually "The Second in Command." Agreeable comedy.

Knickerbocker.—Maude Adams. See opposite.

Lyceum.—Annie Russell in "A Royal Family." Amusing satire, well done.

Garrick.—"A Message from Mars." Eccentric but clever play very well presented.

Fourteenth Street.—"New England Folks." Rural play with more plot than usual. Worth seeing.

Garden.—"If I Were King." Scholarly play, well staged and well acted by E. H. Sothorn and competent company.

Manhattan.—"Miranda of the Balcony," with Mrs. Flske as *Miranda*. Artistic and interesting.

Madison Square.—Amusing "Liberty Belles." Pretty girls and pretty music.

Republic.—Grace George in "Under Southern Skies." Notice later.

Savoy.—E. M. Holland in dramatization of "Eben Holden." Moderately interesting.

Victoria.—"The Way of the World." Notice opposite.

Wallack's.—Augustus Thomas's "Colorado." Notice later.

Weber and Fields's Music Hall.—Bill now includes burlesque of "A Message from Mars." Buyers of seats held up as usual.



HISTORIC BITS.
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MESSRS. BIGTYPE AND SHARPER, the popular publishers, beg leave to announce their Fall and Winter List, and feel confident that in doing so they will merit the gratitude and thanks of a long-suffering public.

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To the Editor of Life:

Filipinos of Hostile Island Ordered to Concentrate in Towns or Be Called Outlaws.

Manila, Oct. 25.—The people of the island of Samar have been ordered to concentrate in the towns; otherwise, they will be considered public enemies and outlaws, and will be treated accordingly. — *Mail and Express*, Oct. 28, 1901.

YOU may remember your cartoon about Weyler—John Bull—Reconcentrado? How about U. S. A.?
An Englishman.

Imperfect.

AUTOMOBILIST: Say, I want this mask changed. It doesn't cover my face enough.

CLERK: But it's the regular thing.

"Can't help that. I find that the people I run over are apt to recognize me."



A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE.
A FOOLISH YOUNG MAN NAMED POUNDEXTER HAD A MOTHER-IN-LAW, AND HE VEXED HER. THE SUBSEQUENT STORM BROUGHT REPORTERS, A SWARM, AND THE "YELLOWS" EACH GOT OUT AN "EXTRA."





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 How their numbers do amaze!
 The world is groaning under all the books.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Who comes there?" called little Willie, the sentry, in threatening tones, as he brought his deadly wooden-gun into shooting position.

"A friend!" answered little Tommie from behind the rocking-chair.

"Advance and give the countersign," hissed the sentry, "or I'll shoot your head off."

An ominous silence followed this terrible threat, then Tommie said plaintively:

"I've forgot it."

"You can't remember nuthin'," exclaimed Willie in disgust, throwing down his gun. "Cum over here, an' I'll whisper it to yer ag'in."—Ohio State Journal.

NEW GIRL: Please, sir, the missus is out, and I can't do a thing with the baby. He cries all the time.

MR. WINKS: Humph! Something must be done. Let-me-see. There's an idiot asylum only a few squares away. Send up for one of the female inmates to come down here at once. I'll pay all charges.

"But what do you want of such a creature as that?"

"I think maybe she will be able to talk baby talk to him until his mother returns."—New York Weekly.

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WHILE Charles A. Towne was Senator from Minnesota for about thirty days last winter, he made a speech on the Philippines in the Senate Chamber of Congress, and it was pronounced a great effort. At the conclusion of his speech, Senator Chauncey Depew was among the first to take Mr. Towne by the hand and congratulate him.

"Senator Towne," he is said to have remarked, "your delivery was splendid, your rhetoric unsurpassed, but your argument was damnable."

This left-handed compliment was no doubt intended to embarrass Senator Towne, but it didn't. He bowed politely to Mr. Depew, and said:

"Senator Depew, I am glad you compliment the only features of my speech you are capable of understanding."

—Exchange.

THEODORE: It's all right, darling. I have met your father, and we took to one another at once. He even went so far as to borrow ten dollars of me. Surely, he can't refuse me your hand after that.

EDITH: Dory, I'm afraid you've made a mess of it. He told me about the ten dollars, and said I'd better let you slide; that you were too easy.—Boston Transcript.

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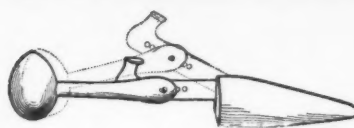
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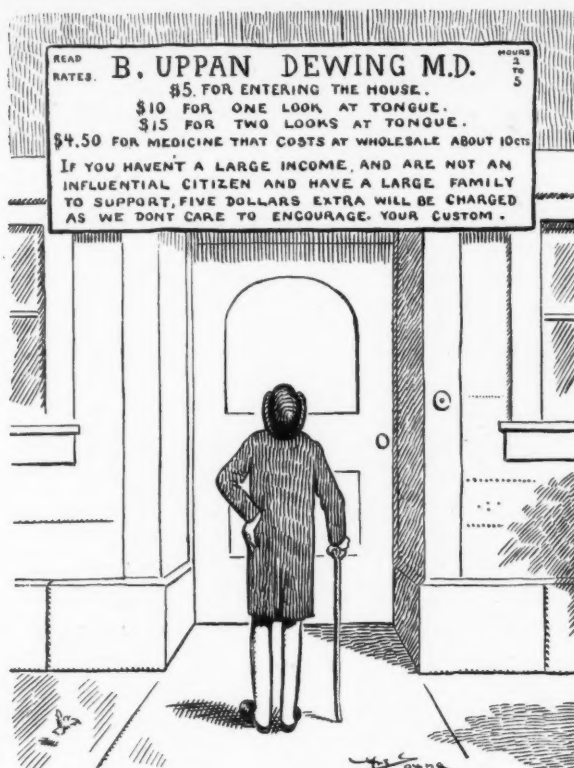
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